



HEY
HOW

OHINK
OHINK



SEYMOUR SUNSHINE

DISORDERLY THE MONKEY-BOY



ACHTUNG!

Mr. Crowley of number 47 Light Lane
burly offers a

REWARD

In excess of

\$1,000,000,000

GUARANTEED to the first person who can successfully
repire one of the failed hummingbird pies made
by the sinister and reclusive White Cinnamon twins.
Or, more accurately, it should be made plain that of
these legendary siblings, one is now dead...butchered
in a sound sleep by his own likeness. The twins
were rumored to have grown increasingly suspicious
of one another, often quarreling over each other's flour
or bonemeal; each confrontation worse than the last.
After murdering his brother Max, Cinnamon Jack
confined himself to the house they had both shared
all their lives. There, he began formulating curious
confections with queer properties.

BONEMEAL?

WHAT TH'
FUCK IS BONE-
MEAL?

I don't know, really...it just
sounded cool. Anyway...
the years have taken old
Jock's vision and he's gone
blind as bat. Fortunately,
this hasn't stopped his crazed
baking as I had feared.
So friend, will you do my
bidding?

HAW! AH'LL SAY!
DAMN...AH'D CUT
OFF MAH OWN BALLS
FOR THAT KINDA
DOUGH!

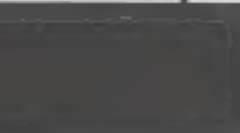
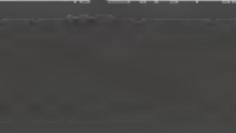
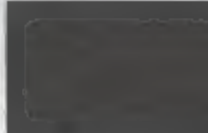
WOW! BUT AN
OARNO...THIS LOOKS
TOO GOOD T' BE TRUE.



HAR!

And so the pilgrims raised their sails
and cast their hearts to the west.
With nary a bee nor bird to guide them—
save for the shivery anticipation of idle fortune
and cheap rumen...

HAR!



soon...



THERE'S ONE
MAN! NOW REMEMBER!
BE POLITE AND NO
SUDDEN MOVES!



EASY
NOW.



STEADY...



HEY FAT-ASS!
YA GOT ANY SWEETS
FOR MAH PAL N' ME? YEAH,
THAT'S RIGHT Y' BIG PIECE
OF SHIT, AH AIN'T TAKEN
NO FOR AN ANSWER!



Soon...









S E Y M O U R



I WORSHIP THE DEVIL BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST !

S U N S H I N E

* **HEY KIDS !** always remember to get along with the cinnamon boy

